

A  
N E W O D E,

T O A

*Great Number of Great Men,  
newly made.*

---

*Jam Nova Progenies.*

---

By the Author of the COUNTRY MAID.

---



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. CARPENTER, in *Fleet-street.*

NEW

Great Number of Great Men  
nearly made

John Norton Proctor

By the Author of the Great Men

OF

LONDON

Printed for J. Carpenter, in Fleet-Street.



---

---

N E W O D E,

T O A

*Great Number of GREAT MEN, newly made.*

I.  
**S**EE a new Progeny descends  
From Heav'n, of *Britain's* truest  
Friends.

O, Muse, attend my Call!  
To one of these direct my Flight,  
Or to be sure that we are right,  
Direct it to them all.

II.  
O, *Clio*! these are Golden Times;  
I shall get Money for my Rhimes,  
And thou no more go tatter'd:  
Make haste then, lead the Way, begin,  
For here are People just come in  
Who never yet were flatter'd.

III.

## III.

But first to C-----t fain you'd sing;  
 Indeed he's nearest to the K-----,  
 Yet careless how you use him:  
 Give him, I beg, no labour'd Lays,  
 He will but *promise*, if you praise,  
 And laugh if you abuse him.

## IV.

Then (but there's a vast Space betwixt)  
 The new-made E. of B----- comes next,  
 Stiff in his popular Pride:  
 His Step, his Gait, describe the Man;  
 They paint him better than I can,  
 Waddling from Side to Side,

## V.

Each Hour a different Face he wears,  
 Now in a Fury, now in Tears,  
 Now laughing, now in Sorrow;  
 Now he'll command, and now obey,  
 Bellows for Liberty To-day,  
 And roars for Power To-morrow.

## VI.

At Noon the Tories had him tight,  
 With staunchest Whigs he supp'd at Night,  
 Each Party try'd to have won him;  
 But he himself did so divide,  
 Shuff'd and cut from Side to Side,  
 That now both Parties shun him.

## VII.



## VII.

See yon old, dull important Lord,  
 Who at the long'd-for Money-Board  
 Sits first, but does not lead:  
 His younger Brethren all Things make;  
 So that the T-----y's like a Snake,  
 And the Tail moves the Head.

## VIII.

Why did you cross God's good Intent?  
 He made you for a Pr--f-----nt;  
 Back to that Station go:  
 Nor longer act this Farce of Power,  
 We know you mis'd the Thing before,  
 And have not got it now.

## IX.

See Valiant C-----m, valorous S-----r,  
 Britain's two Thnnder-Bolts of War,  
 Now strike my ravish'd Eye;  
 But, oh! their Strength and Spirit's flown,  
 They, like their conquering Swords, are  
 grown,  
 Rusty with lying by.

## X.

Dear *Bat*. I'm glad you've got a Place,  
 And since Things thus have chang'd their  
 Face,  
 You'll give Opposing o'er;  
 'Tis comfortable to be in,  
 And think what a damn'd while you've been,  
 Like *Peter*, at the Door.

## XI.

## XI.

See who comes next---I kifs thy Hands,  
 But not in Flattery, S----I S-----s;  
 For since you are in Power,  
 That gives you Knowledge, Judgment, Parts,  
 The Courtier's Wiles, the Statesman's Arts,  
 Of which you'd none before.

## XII.

When great impending Dangers shook  
 Its State old *Rome* Dictators took  
 Judiciously from Plough:  
 So they (but at a Pinch thou knowest)  
 To make the Highest of the Lowest.  
 Th' E-----r gave to you.

## XIII.

When in your Hands the Seals you found,  
 Did it not make your Brain go round?  
 Did it not turn your Head?  
 I fancy (but you hate a Joke)  
 You fell as *Nell* did when she 'woke  
 In Lady *Loverule's* Bed.

## XIV.

See *H-----y V-----e* in Pomp appear,  
 And, since he's made *V-----T-----r*,  
 Grown taller by some Inches;  
 See *Tw-----* follow *C-----t's* Call;  
 See *H-----n G-----r* and all  
 The black Funeral *F-----s*.

## XV.



( 5 )

VX.

And see with that important Face  
*Beranger's* Clerk, to take his Place,  
Into the Tr——y come;  
With Pride and Meanness act thy Part,  
Thou look'st the very Thing thou art,  
Thou *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.

XVI.

Oh! my poor Country! is this all  
You've gain'd by the long-labour'd Fall  
Of *W*——le and his Tools?  
He was a K——e indeed —— what then?  
He'd Parts —— but this new Set of Men  
A'n't only K——s, but F——s.

XVII.

More Changes, better Times, this Isle  
Demands; oh! *Chesterfield*, *Argyle*,  
To bleeding *Britain* bring 'em?  
Unite all Hearts, appease each Storm!  
'Tis your's such Actions to perform!  
My Pride shall be to sing 'em.

F I N I S.

( 5 )

VX.

And he with that important face  
 Bowyer's Clerk to take his place  
 Into the T——y comes;  
 With Prides and Manners of the Part  
 Then took the very thing that was  
 I don't bowyer's Courtship.

XVI.

Oh! my poor Country, is this all  
 You've gained by the long-laboured Fall  
 Of W——s and his T. colts?  
 He was a K——e indeed — what then?  
 He'd Parts — but this new Set of Men  
 A'n't only K——s, but F——s.

XVII.

More Changes, better Times, this life  
 Demands; oh! Chastell, Ay, Ay,  
 To bleeding Britain bring 'em;  
 Unite all Hearts, oppose each Storm;  
 'Tis your's each Action to perform;  
 My Prides shall be to sing 'em.

F I W I S.